

Seaweed G-Strings

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>Category: Comedy.

>Disclaimer: Hal, the Rachel doll needed a holiday. The Frank doll and the Mick doll needed some time to do some "male bonding". And that they will do! So don't pick on me for treating the dolls right, you were the one who kept on trying to kill them off series one to three, then succeeded in killing Rachel in series four! Except, while you weren't watching, I did a Xena trick and yodelled in for the rescue. I snatched her away and left a mannequin, and you haven't even noticed yet! Teeheehee! And while there was the funeral, I had the ICU set up in my special little Doll hospital. And she pulled through! Yippee! Anyway, she's still alive, and boy oh boy Hal, is she pissed at you?! I'd watch your back or she'll pull her glock pistol on you! Phew! Anywho, on with the story. I take no responsibility for any brand names, objects, rocks, paper, injuries, deaths, cases, and anything else in here.... That is, unless you are a lovely company that'll give me a holiday to Sydney with my parents and dog, all expenses paid, for all the free good publicity...

>Author's notes: Hmm, scandals... hmm, can't think of any... oh, I'm sick... still... is that a scandal? No, that's just a tragedy. But not for you guys coz it means you'll get a few more stories! Say, does anyone know when the Rats are coming on TV again here in New Zealand??? I hope it's soon. I watched some old eps that I taped two days ago when I was sick, and I realised once again what a groovy programme Water Rats is! Yay. I miss Rachel though. And Frank. They

Rachel's plane taxi along the runway.
"It's gonna be so quiet without you two fighting." Mick sighed.

>"Yeah mate, I know." Frank groaned in reply.
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>"Morning Frank!" Helen said cheerily the next morning when he wandered into reception 25 minutes late as usual.
"Morning Helen! Mick in yet?" Frank asked, signing the register.

>"Yeah, he's the one that's always on time." Helen pointed out.
"True. Any calls or cases?" Frank asked hopefully.

>"Nope. Sorry." Helen picked up a bleating phone.
"Bugger." Frank muttered, dropping the pen, then wandered up to face a boring day with only Reilly to keep him company.

>"Morning Frank!" Mick looked up as he walked in.
"Morning. Nice night?" Frank smirked as he saw a set of hickeys on Mick's neck.

>"Eh? Oh, pretty average actually." Mick muttered, pulling at his shirt collar.
"Yeah?"

>"Uh huh." Mick decided to ignore Frank for the moment and began concentrating on some case notes.
Frank couldn't think of any way to harass Mick further, so he began reading the newspaper sitting on his desk. The pair sat in silence, both wishing that Rachel was there.

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At around the same time, Rachel was eating a large breakfast in a fancy caf   in Oriental Bay, in Wellington. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, the rollerbladers were rollerblading, and there wasn't a breath of wind. "Would you like anything else?" A smartly dressed waiter smiled pleasantly at her from beside the table.

>"No, thank you." Rachel smiled back, putting down The Dominion Newspaper that she was reading.
She scanned the glittering harbour and the shining city, wondering what she was going to do today. Since it was 10am and already 22 degrees, she decided that Te Papa, the National Museum, sounded like a good idea. But for the moment she just stretched and folded her hands behind her head, basking in the warm January sunshine.

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"Helen..." Frank slid across the reception area floor two weeks after Rachel's departure.

>"What do you want now?" Helen looked at him suspiciously.
"A kiss?" Frank put on a straight face.

>"No, I don't think so. Anything but a kiss." Helen wondered what he was up to.
"Okay then, a sheila."

>"Tayler! Frank wants you!" Helen yelled in the direction of the ladies room.
"Eh? What? Helen!" Frank stuttered as Tayler wandered out with a questioning look on her face.

>"Yeah Frank?"
"Uh, nothing, nothing. Helen was just... ah, never mind." Frank muttered, going back upstairs to find Mick keeled over with laughter.

>"What?" Frank snapped.
"You... you... nothing!" Mick wiped a few tears away and followed him back to the office. He had a feeling that Frank was not going to succeed in *this* bet.

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Driving around the harbour to Eastbourne, Rachel wondered what the boys were doing. She didn't really want to know. They were probably setting up a bar in the corner, inviting attractive girls upstairs for company, driving around with the music up as loud as possible, blowing the speakers... No, she didn't want to know.

Negotiating a tight corner leading into Days Bay, she spotted a small beach and a long jetty, so she parked the car under the Norfolk Palms

in the parking lot, and wandered out to have a look. Noting the spectacular view of the city she pulled out her camera and zoomed in on the city centre's highrises, and took a photo, then leaned against the rails wondering why she didn't go on holiday more often. There was peace and quiet, no murders to deal with, no victims to console, no Frank to get mad at, no Reilly to hassle her about her latest boyfriends... this was good.

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"Right, I have two days until Rachel comes back. Two days. How am I gonna do this?" Frank asked himself when Mick had gone down to see Helen.

>It had been 17 days since Rachel had gone, since he and Mick had made the bet, and he still hadn't succeeded in getting Helen to throw something at him. He'd messed up the room, destroyed Rachel's computer monitor, spilled coke on the keyboard of his computer, smashed a light fitting, dented the Magna's rear bumper, run over her foot, spilled coffee on her, farted so much he'd stunk the top half of the station out which brought in a plague of flies, he'd brought a chemistry kit to work and exploded a beaker full of acid which burnt a hole through the top of his desk and through the carpet below, and had put the files back in the wrong order. Helen still hadn't thrown anything, no paper, no keys, no suitcases full of lead at him. "Give up Frank, you might as well have lost already!" Mick walked in to find Frank deep in thought and looking miserable.
"Humph. I haven't lost yet." Frank replied with determination, heading downstairs with the next object of his plan, a live rat.

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Sipping a glass of champagne with good company, Rachel heaved a contented sigh. She had one day left to go before jetting back to the insane city of Sydney. Back to murder cases, assault cases, gross discoveries, hauling bodies out of the water, and the like. She gazed over at her handsome date, Nathan. "You okay Rachel?" Nathan took her hand in his.

>"Yeah, just don't want to leave." Rachel sighed with a small smile.
"Well stay then!" he teased.

>"I wish I could, but I've got to get back. I wonder how the station's holding up. Frank's probably set fire to the place by now." Rachel laughed gently, looking out at the stars over the harbour.
"He sounds like quite a character." Nathan signalled for the bill.

>"Yeah, he is." Rachel watched the waiter approach.
"Here you go. Thanks mate." Nathan stood up and helped Rachel up, taking her by the hand once more.

>"Thanks Nathan, tonight was wonderful." Rachel said gratefully.
"I had fun too. I don't think I'll be going on that vertical bungee for a while though!" he laughed.

>"Eh? Whoose!" Rachel laughed, prodding him teasingly in the ribs.
"You know me too well already. You want a ride back to the hotel?" He offered as they stepped out of the Plaza International Hotel into the cool night air.

>"Nah, its such a nice night I'll walk. The hotel's just a short walk down there." Rachel pointed down towards Manners Mall.
"Okay then. Do you want to do anything tomorrow?" Nathan offered.

>"Nah, I'm just going to visit an old friend. Thanks anyway." Rachel said, eager to get going.
"Well, I guess this is goodbye then, huh?" he looked at her, disappointment in his eyes.

>"Yup, I guess so." Rachel said, kissing him on the cheek.
"I'll drop into the station if I'm ever in the area then." Nathan gave her a hug and disarmed his car alarm.

>"Yeah, do that." Rachel agreed.
"Bye then."

>"Yeah, bye." Rachel waved as he started the car and took off towards Roseneath, where he lived, then began the short walk back to her hotel.

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>By 10pm the next night, Frank was getting totally nervous. He still hadn't completed the bet. Reilly was looking pleased with himself too. The room was a total pigsty, and he didn't want to think what Rachel would do when she found the acid hole in her desktop, the one Frank had put in there the day after he'd done it to his. They were both in big trouble. But Frank would be in even bigger trouble if he didn't complete the bet, he really would. Just at that moment Helen appeared in the doorway. "Which one of you put the roll of toilet paper down the toilet?" She asked, tired of their weird pranks.
"He did it." Mick pointed at Frank without looking up.

>"Frank, do it again and I'll shove it down your neck." Helen glared at him and walked out without throwing anything.
"Bugger." Frank groaned, then began working on his next plan.
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"Morning Helen!" Rachel greeted her friend who was sitting on the grass out the front the next day.
>"Morning Rachel! Have a nice trip?" Helen patted the grass beside her offering her a seat.
"Yeah, Wellington's beautiful. Makes this place look like a sewage pond." Rachel grinned, exaggerating the truth more than slightly. "Why are you out here?"
>"Wait a minute and you'll find out." Helen sniggered, watching the other members of the Sydney Water Police swarming out to watch the show.
Right on cue, Frank burst out of the doors to reception, stark naked, then sprinted down the jetty and jumped off the end with an almighty splash. Wolf whistles and yells of encouragement followed, and Rachel sat there looking shell-shocked. "What the hell?!" Rachel finally managed to speak as Frank climbed back up onto dry land, clutching a piece of seaweed over his privates.
>"Giddyday gorgeous!" Frank walked up to Rachel and gave her a wet hug.
Automatic reflexes took over. "HOLLOWAY YOU BASTARD!" Rachel roared, and kned him where it hurt.
>"Oooh!" Mick looked away, followed by the rest of the station, as Frank fell to his knees.
"Nice to see ya too...!" Frank whispered in soprano.
>"I'd say the same, but it's not nice to see *that* much of you!" Rachel brushed a wrinkle out of her suit, then stormed inside, peeved that she'd have to dry clean her suit yet again.
Frank looked up at Helen. "Nice family jewels." She grinned, then followed Rachel inside.
>"Good on ya mate." Mick patted him on the back as he went past.
The rest of the station filed back inside leaving Frank sitting on the ground naked. He suddenly realised he was probably getting sunburnt on a painful area, so he scurried back indoors to get changed.
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After getting a coffee from the meal room, Rachel wandered back to the D's office and sat down at her desk to do some work. She put her pen to paper just to find that there was no surface underneath. She picked up the paper and gazed down at the desk to find a large round hole in her desktop. "FRANCIS JAMES HOLLOWAY!!!" could be heard echoing around Sydney City for miles...
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Finished! Another one. Totally weird and demented, but you'll live. Hope you liked it!!! PLEASE give me feedback like you've been doing (thanks so much to those people!) and the address is

sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com okay? Good.
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